

Again, Daddy by Pondermoniums

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Summary:

Steve happens to run into a familiar face, and while he's trying to take this new friendship slow, his mouth certainly isn't.

[Or, Steve accidentally calls Billy, "Daddy."]

Again, Daddy

Author's Note:

This was inspired by a couple of daddy kink posts on tumblr. [Here's one of them](#), and when I rediscover the other, I'll add it <3

You can see the [Tumblr ficlet here](#) ~

It's a strange twilight zone, meeting someone again. Being complete strangers with a history.

Not the best history, either, so Steve just had to laugh to himself while he sat on Billy Hargrove's couch. The guy looked up from the kitchen counter across the open floor plan. "What?"

And Steve might be internally combusting a bit-

A lot.

Because Billy's *hot*. Like...Steve can actually appreciate it now. It's not the first time he feels like a fool for being too slow. Billy was a looker in high school; easily one of the guys who completed puberty first and knew it. Made him an asshole for it. And people liked assholes.

Steve guessed he just didn't do it right. Being the mean guy. But that was far behind them, now, and Billy's late twenties were doing him *favors*.

Steve supposed if young, spry, Adonis Billy came with being a complete dick, then he could appreciatively leave him behind. Because Billy wasn't a *complete* dick anymore. And the man strolling back across the room with a pair of whiskey sours was definitely, 100%, burning a hole through Steve's jeans better than the show-off from high school ever did.

Steve reckoned Adonis never got laid nearly as much as Zeus or Poseidon anyway, which he only knew from Robin's ramblings about her Greek theatre class. Steve earned a distinct wrinkling of her nose when he said, "*Lettuce? Adonis is symbolized with lettuce? Yeah, no.*"

Aphrodite, that cougar, fell for a twink while Daddy Poseidon was getting whoever he wanted with his beard and all."

Robin had barked a laugh but chided, *"Please don't ever call Poseidon, 'Daddy,' ever again. Oh my god."*

Joke's on her, because now she referred to the gods and heroes by whatever name Steve gave them.

And the joke was on Steve. Because he was definitely the twink in this new situation he found himself in.

Billy had always been stacked. But the guy walking through the university gallery to make Steve's heart stop beating in his chest was something else. He wasn't even bigger, really. Something just...*happened* as soon as a person could see 30 closer than 20. Steve had first noticed it with Robin, because they spent the most time together. Obviously that crush had been snuffed out with her gentle coming-out to him years ago, but Steve still had eyes in his head. Robin aged really well. Steve had begun to wonder if he was aging nearly as gracefully.

Billy, that bastard, strolled right up to him with a freaking mustache of all things, invited them to lunch the next day - where he had switched to clean shaven - and now sat on his couch in his newly built apartment complex with a sweating, rattled Steve. He had neatly pulled him aside before the three of them parted the restaurant to invite Steve over for drinks that evening.

Steve was unprepared for the sculpted scruff on the man's face now. He'd never seen a guy switch facial hair styles like he was changing shirts. Frankly, he didn't know anybody who could just grow it that easily.

Steve gulped loudly around his whiskey sour.

It was Billy's turn to laugh under his breath. "You okay? You never answered me."

"Yeah," Steve said, a little out of breath. "I'm just...reeling, here. I think the last conversation we had involved a fist fight."

Billy laughed again and Steve's eyes trailed over the shirt fitting perfectly around his built shoulders. Maybe Billy is bigger. In like a...domestic sort of way. Like he still had all his muscle but didn't throw a fit over a bowl of pasta. Steve is still taller. Steve still had that, at least, but he sure felt like his second puberty hadn't graced him yet.

Billy was talking. *Pay attention, Steve.*

Something about Robin. Steve replied, and hoped he was answering close to whatever Billy had said, "Robin teaches there and some of her students were in the exhibition. It's an art nerd thing. Everybody's involved, even if it's not your subject."

Steve couldn't tell if the pause was Billy processing or if Steve had been completely off the mark. *Deflect. Reroute!* his brain told him, so he asked, "Did we ever ask how you knew about the gallery?"

"Max goes to school there."

"Oh," Steve chirped bluntly. "Small world."

Billy hummed a sound low in his chest. Something vibrated inside Steve and he closed his eyes in a hard blink, grasping at flimsy straws for composure. Billy finished, "I was in the area. Definitely a pleasant surprise to see your familiar face."

"My Lego head?" Steve gestured vaguely at himself. "I guess this block always did stand out."

Billy huffed a surprised sound, like he hadn't expected that, but he let it tumble into easy laughter. "You look good. I never saw you with short hair."

His fingers pushed the arching swoop of Steve's fringe behind his ear. The briefest touch across his temple finishing on his neck...

I'm going to have a heart attack.

"Thanks. That goes for the both of us."

Just like he almost missed never snatching a chance with high school

Billy, Steve only kinda missed never getting his hands on that mullet. Only to know how soft that hair actually was. Not like Billy needed it, of course. Truly absurd, how he rocked any hair situation on his head that wasn't shaped like a Lego person's.

Steve finished his whiskey in the next gulp.

He could feel Billy's laser blue eyes notice this, and then he stood from the couch. "I'm getting us some waters."

"Okay," Steve chimed dumbly. Feeling dumb.

Jesus Christ, it's Scoops all over again. You suck. You suck-

"Poseidon liked a twink too, you nimrod," Robin had teased back. "His name was Anteros."

"And he dies too, right?"

"Nope. He's basically Poseidon's husband and chauffeur."

"Aw. Good for Daddy P."

Billy returned. "Are you one of these people who likes seltzers?"

Steve blindly took the can while his thoughts slammed mutinously into, *Daddy B. B is kinda cute. Shorter-*

"Thanks-

Billy.

-daddy."

Steve opened the can before it sank in what he'd just said. Carbonation gently kissed his skin as he held the can to his lips but didn't drink. Some may or may not have landed in his lap before he lowered it to see Billy's unreadable face.

"Oh my god." Steve rushed to place the can on the coffee table and pressed the heels of his palms into his eyes.

"Did you...?"

“Don’t say it,” he pleaded, removing a hand as if to physically defend against the words in the air.

“Steve-”

His words came muffled from where he hid inside his hands. “Oh my god. I’m gonna throw up.”

He stood up - to go where, he didn’t really know. Probably best to just leave at this point. *Way to choke. Way to absolutely choke, Harrington. You don’t even know if Billy’s bi and you just deep-dived into WEIRD-*

“I’m really sorry,” he rushed as he stepped around the coffee table.

“Steve.” Billy gripped his arm and pulled him right back onto the couch as if it were easy. Steve more than landed in his spot, he landed flush against Billy. His thigh felt Billy’s warmth, and his lips stayed parted to keep breathing when he realized how close their faces were.

Billy this close was something else, and Steve didn’t have the brain power to navigate it.

“Say it again.”

It took him a long minute to absorb that. Was he seeing stars? So much for breathing.

“Huh?”

Steve’s lashes sagged heavily over his eyes when Billy leaned tantalizingly close. Either of them could stick their tongues out and taste the other’s lips.

Don’t, he commanded his mutinous subconscious.

“Say it again, Steve.”

He wondered which was louder: his thunderous heart or the racket in his brain trying to turn rusty gears. He whispered against Billy’s skin, “I didn’t mean to say it.”

A hand, gentle but *there*, found Steve's nape. "I'm telling you to say it on purpose."

Was he making fun of him? Steve couldn't tell. He hadn't spent more than a handful of hours with him. But his voice made that thing in Steve's body vibrate and his brain had officially declared itself a lost cause.

In for a penny, in for a pound. Steve closed the gap - tiny as it was - and involuntarily moaned at the *softness* of Billy's lips. The hand on his nape tightened and another came to hold the front of his throat; not pressing against his windpipe, but Billy's fingertips held Steve's jaw in place and his palm surely felt the drumming of Steve's heart.

Steve's tongue couldn't help itself. He touched the plush skin of Billy's upper lip, ever so lightly-

Billy groaned, wanton and hungry as he pushed entirely into Steve's personal space. The latter gasped at the sound, and then he really did see stars as Billy's tongue fucked against his own. He tasted sour and sweet and the citrus mixed with Billy's natural taste in such a way that Steve tilted his head for more, pushed right back into Billy's space.

Steve's body rotated enough that his knee bumped into Billy's. Then Billy was gripping that joint hard enough to bruise so that he could pull Steve all the way around to straddle him. Steve clumsily climbed onto his lap, grateful for the influx of air as Billy planted wet kisses and pressed his tongue into Steve's pulse. He didn't really know what the boundaries were anymore. This was explosive and sudden and Steve sat, unsure, higher up on Billy's thighs-

"Ahh!" he burst when Billy gripped his hips and yanked his pelvis flush against him. Steve's moan clipped short into a small ache of pain. The way his jeans tightened with the stretch of his thighs crimped into his already throbbing erection.

Billy opened his jeans. Steve's voice escaped with his gasp when the colder backs of his fingers touched his belly as he dipped into Steve's underwear. He stood up on his knees to give Billy the room to free his erection, and Steve couldn't help the moan that exhaled out of

him when he sat back down, feeling Billy's soft shirt against his red cockhead.

Steve shivered as Billy's hands slid up and around his body, mapping out Steve's topography and shoving his shirt as high as Steve's collarbones. Steve felt like a lewd wet dream: an exposed, panting mess on Billy's lap. His heart ricocheted around his ribs with the sharp tickle of stubble, and he *whimpered* as it scraped over his nipple and chest.

"Your shirt," he heaved, knowing he was dripping precum. "Billy-

"Call me what you did before." He reached into the back of Steve's jeans and gripped a handful of his ass that had Steve lurching forward and bucking into the softness of that shirt and tummy, the warmth of Billy's body. Steve whined when Billy held him down, unable to move.

"Say it. Whatever you want. Just say it for me."

Steve bought a little time by kissing him, hard. Hard enough to make Billy lie back into the couch, his head tilted up to moan into Steve's mouth. Steve's lips nuzzled the side of his lips and began an exploratory trail across Billy's cheek and jaw, down to his throat.

"I just...wanna feel all of this on me. I wanna feel your beard so much I'll still feel it *tomorrow*... Daddy."

Steve's voice pitched to the ceiling when a hand gripped his hair. Billy's other hand released his ass cheek to push encouragingly on Steve's lumbar the same time he drew Steve's earlobe into his mouth. Steve gripped the couch upholstery behind Billy's shoulders as he bucked against him, rutting like a teenager. Billy's own jaw fell for his moan to escape when Steve's ass and backs of his thighs moved over his own cock trapped in his pants.

Steve tried to slow down a little, to rub against him without making the fabric chaff. "Daddy, what do you want?"

If he didn't feel Billy's heartbeat before, he sure as hell did now. Steve felt it against his hands as he sought to know the contours of

Billy's shoulders and chest. He watched Billy's swallow through the gorgeous neck that lay open to him as Billy gazed up at him. One of his hands traced the gently twitching artery on the side. Steve began to pepper slow, audible kisses against his face. When he landed on Billy's lips, Billy kissed back, and when he wandered all the way up to Billy's temple, Billy let him. Only his hands moved sluggishly between Steve's thighs and his waist, seeking skin underneath his shirt.

Steve came back down to whisper against Billy's lips, "*Daddy?*"

It was a blur of movement punctuated by Steve's surprised yelp of glee as Billy threw him onto his back on the couch. Billy kissed the laughter out of his flushed, red throat, growling in satisfaction at how those bubbles of mirth sank into breathy moans.

"I've wanted you for *years, pretty boy.*"

Steve's brain didn't absorb that so much as his body did. Pinballs of emotion and sensation darted to and from his groin. He lifted his leg to rest across the back of the couch and to give Billy access to whatever he wanted.

Strong hands moved carefully - fondly - over Steve's thighs. A stuttering breath left him when Billy clutched the backs of his legs. A sweet ache to have the muscle squeezed there.

"Don't hold back on me now, baby," Billy taunted, pressing his hands into the couch on either side of Steve and aligning his bulge with Steve's hole and undercarriage still inside his jeans. "Let me hear you."

Steve's other leg wrapped around him and he lifted his pelvis to grind against Billy's front. Billy's bravado melted into an anguished, blissed-out frown as he shut his eyes against the sensation. When he opened them, Steve held his cock in hand, pumping himself in time with his pelvis rolling up to meet Billy.

It was sloppy and desperate and Steve didn't think he ever did this even as a teenager. It had all been a small town rush to get hands or mouths on skin and get rid of the stigmatizing V-card. Except when

Steve was in love, and allowed to take his time...

Steve didn't know if he was in love now. But as another wave of ticklish warmth darted through him, Steve laughed a little.

"What?" Billy asked, not unlike the first time.

"I just...I just like this, that's all," Steve admitted. "You feel good. You smell good. Ahh! I'm close."

"Let me see you, baby. Let me taste the mess you make."

That didn't so much as nudge Steve off the cliff as it drop kicked him into his orgasm.

"Hahh! Daddy, I'm there! I'm there..."

The mind-halting knot of sensation burst inside him with a force that let Steve not even care that he craned his face toward the arm of the couch, moaning and splashing his hair over the upholstery like a romance novel cover.

He realized somewhere in the middle that Billy had grasped his cock and was the reason his climax kept *going*. Milking little dribbles of cum out of him. Steve hadn't cum like this in *years*, and he lay riveted to Billy hastening his rhythm to chase his own cliff edge.

The furrowed brows of concentration on Billy's face were wiped off by Steve gripping his shirt and yanking him down for Steve to taste him, to plunder his mouth and feel that soft material against his own bare, messy torso.

Billy shuddered and pushed, pushed against Steve like he meant to bury his cockhead inside as he came. The visual sent an aching thrill into Steve's core, knowing how Billy looked when he came and knowing that he'd cum inside. It made Steve eager to feel the pressure of his thrusts and the aftershocks when he pulled out to repeat it all again.

Steve had just cum like a seventeen year old and wanted to go all the way, with Billy's hands all over his backside and his scruff against Steve's ass cheeks-

Billy's hand brushed over his hair and eased around to cradle his head. "What are you thinking behind those big eyes?"

Steve blinked drunkenly up at him even though it certainly wasn't whiskey giving him this high. "My eyes?"

"Mmhm," Billy hummed through lips pressing into a content smile. He hovered over his elbows, still framing Steve in but not crowding him. Fingertips pressed little swirls over his scalp, drifting around his ear. "I like your big, doe eyes."

No one ever commented on his eyes. His hair, obviously. His butt. His shoulders. His moles. Billy gazed down at him, searching through Steve's thoughts. The way he always had, really.

"Thinkin' about you creaming me instead of your pants."

Billy turned his head to the side so he didn't laugh directly in Steve's face. "Only if I'm not dreaming this time."

This time.

God, Steve liked what that implied.

His arms came around Billy's shoulders, loving the broadness and weight of the man on top of him. He kissed him softly, bumping his nose against Billy's and eliciting a groan while Billy tilted his head and deepened the kiss.

"Again," he begged through the kiss. "I want you again, Daddy."

Author's Note:

sighI really just had to make it soft at the end, didn't I?

This is the first time I've written Daddy!kink stuff, so I hope it was all right u_u Thanks for reading!

I have a tumblr blog just for Harringrove things, but I post updates to both! So if you're already following my main blog for notifications, you can stay put :)

My harringrove Tumblr~

My main Tumblr~